

THE
WHITE BULL,
AN
ORIENTAL HISTORY.

FROM AN
ANCIENT SYRIAN MANUSCRIPT,

COMMUNICATED BY
MR. VOLT A I R E.
CUM NOTIS EDITORIS ET VARIORUM: SC.

CLARISSIMÆ:

<i>Philoterasti Pantophagi</i>	<i>Megalauchi Tritici</i>
<i>Calendarii Aulici</i>	<i>Gregorii Amphiboli</i>
<i>Illi Piscatoris</i>	<i>Simplicii Misogœtis,</i>
<i>Heliogabali Sacri</i>	ET
<i>Hysleroproteri Fabri</i>	<i>Pordomyzi Paracelsi.</i>

THE WHOLE
FAITHFULLY DONE INTO ENGLISH.

L O N D O N:
PRINTED FOR J. BEW, PATER-NOSTER ROW.
MDCCLXXIV.

38.
11. 30.
223



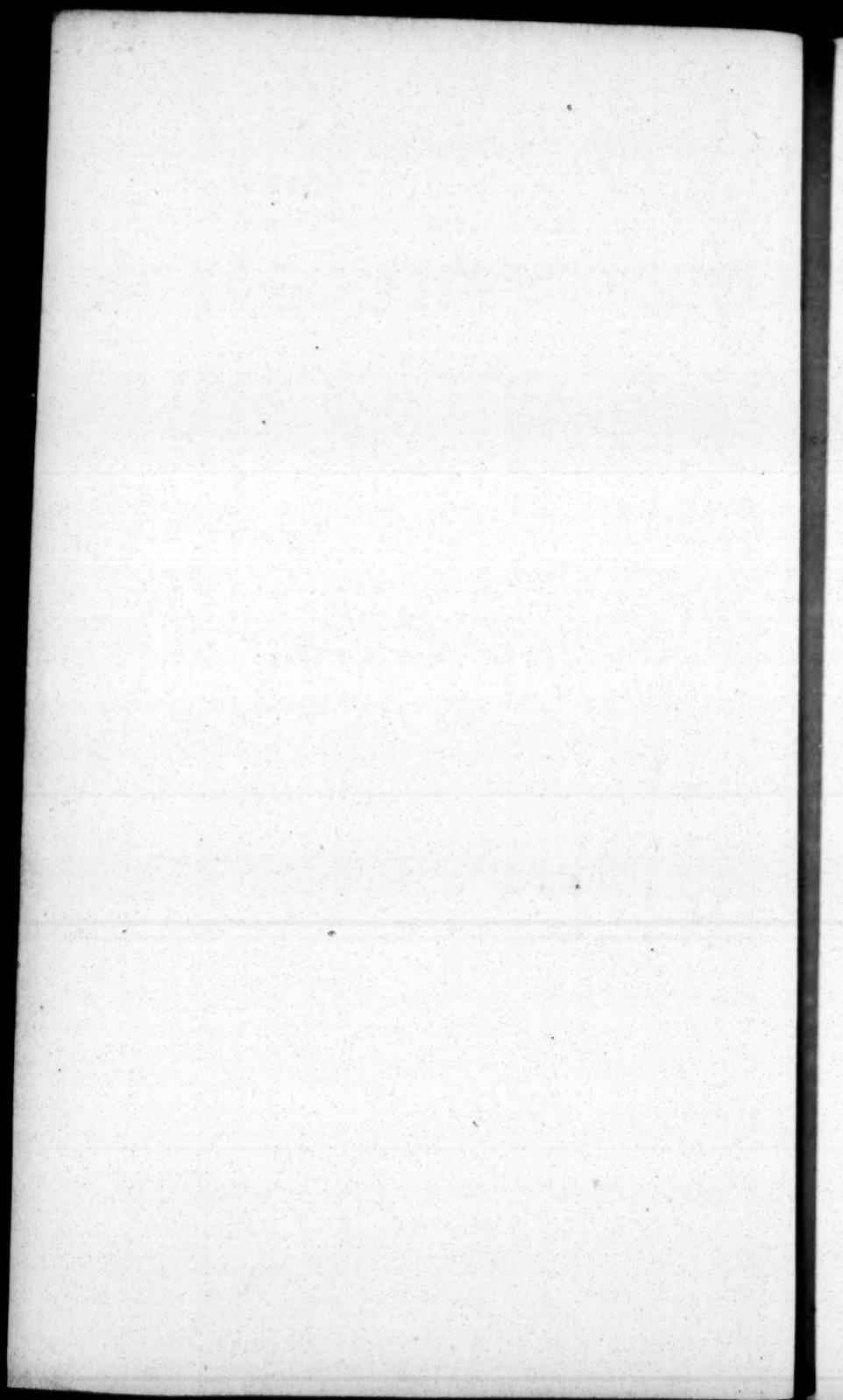
The TRANSLATOR

Not having an opportunity of superintending the press, the following ERRATA have crept in, which the reader is desired to correct.

In the PREFACE.

Page Line

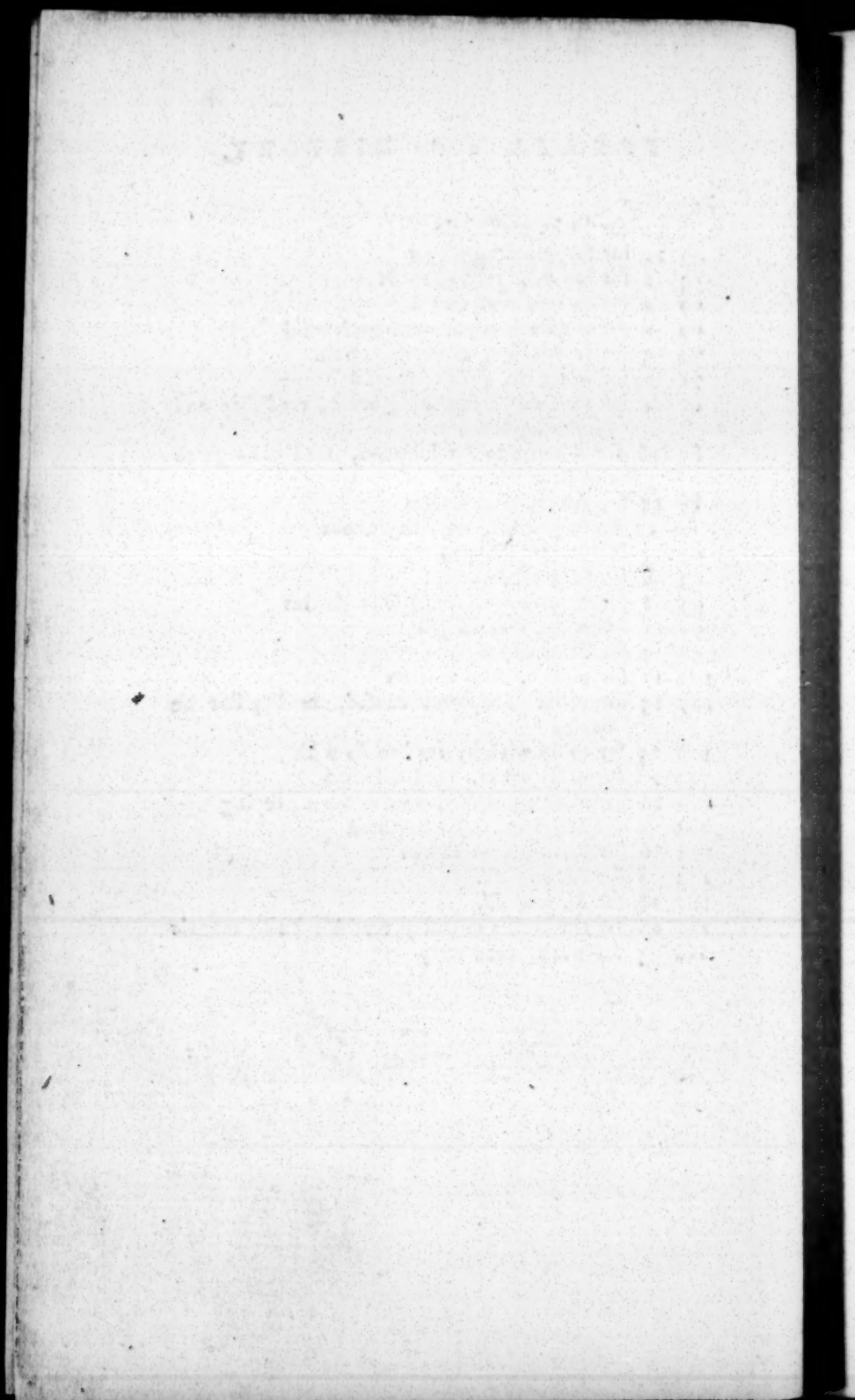
- ix 8 for its, read it's
- xi 1 for auxilius, read auxiliis
- ib. 10 for if a moral action, read of a moral action.
- xiv 6 for starts, read start
- xviii 14 for on a cross direction, read on in a cross direction
- xxxvi 3 for seeds strife, read seeds of strife
- xlii 4 for inspiring, read inspired
- xlvi 11 and 12 for Melampres, read Melampetres
- lii 13 for vickers, read Vickers
- ib. 14 for it is, read is
- lv 1 for words let them, read words: let them
- lxi 18 for know, read knew
- lxxi 11 for Neroes, read Heroes
- lxxiii 17 for fenchies, read fetches
- lxxx 9 for You shall, read Thou shalt
- ib. ib. for by the wild, read by wild
- lxxxiv 7 for advice, I found, read for advice. I found
- lxxxv 14 for act, read Act
- lxxxvii last for to the bargain, read into the bargain
- lxxxviii 6 for them, read these
- xciii 10 for hears. "I protest, read hears, "I protest
- ib. 12 for "Mayor"—and, read Mayor"—) and
- c Note 11 for can, read can.
- civ 2 for Despot Defender, read Despot and Defender
- cix 3 for unsprang, read upsprang
- cxiii 14 for beat, read beats



ERRATA in the HISTORY.

Page line

- 35 10 for little, read tittle
- 48 11 for forgot, read forget
- 53 2 for request, read requests
- 60 4 for ox for, read ox: for
- 69 9 for the enchanted, read enchanted
- 70 3 for reponfable, read responsible
- 71 13 for conquest, read conquests
- 80 last for soap and a scrubbing brush, read Soap and
scrubbing brush
- 85 last for Charge to Archdeacon, read Charge to
the Archdeaconry
- 88 15 for Altar, read Halter
- 90 13 for ingenious, read ingenuous
- 92 3 Itorus, read Horus
- 93 2 for *Id.* read *Id.*
- 94 1 for Onocratulus, read Onocrotalus
- 96 13 for Elias, read Elijah
- 97 5 for *Id.* read *Id.*
- 124 11 for witten, read written
- 127 15 for pillar Amphion caufed, read pillar he
caufed
- 129 15 for to do with it, read to do with
- 133 10 for of Solomon, read Solomon
- 136 18 for came a peeping, read come a peeping
- 145 5 for brethern, read brethren
- 152 6 for Itorus, read Horus
- 153 5 for *Id.* read *Id.*
- 161 16 for *Id.* read *Id.*
- 163 10 for the Bull's muzzle, read his Bull's muzzle
- 168 5 for warn, read warp



P R E F A C E

Which may just as well be read
afterwards.

WHEN new discovered treasures of recondite learning, venerable manuscripts, inspired works, divine poems, valuable and authentic histories, or other precious morsels of erudition, are rescued from the jaws of time, and ushered into the impatient world; its usual, and it is but civil, to give it some account of them.

b

There

There are accordingly certain *loci communes*—certain heads of enquiry, certain *prédicaments* (as they might be stiled if Aristotle had not appropriated the title to ten of his own creation) generally run over upon this occasion.

We shall not break through this laudable custom: it being a pleasure to us to give the modest enquirer every satisfaction he can reasonably require.

There was a pretty little verse I remember saying by heart to my tutor when I was at college—it runs thus——

Quis?

Quis? Quid? ubi? quibus auxiliis? cur?
quomodo? quando?

Who? what? when? where? how? why?
and with what help——

For so I will take leave to translate
it, if no body has been before hand
with me.

The original purpose of it was to
comprehend the several *circumstances*
as they were called, if a *moral* action.
I shall make use of it to comprize
the several circumstances or heads
of enquiry concerning a new pub-
lished remnant of antiquity—*moral*
or otherwise, makes no great dif-
ference. These heads, meantime, I
shall beg leave to take up in the

order I find most convenient, without looking upon myself as tied down to the disposition given them by the poetry, either Latin or English.

Method, is what the Ancients, who carried on the *God-manufacture* with the greatest spirit, did not much trouble themselves about; so that there is neither *God* nor *Goddeſs* for *method*, though there are *ten* of them for *verse*: if there were, it is he or ſhe I ſhould chuſe to marshal my forces, on an expedition of this conſequence, in preference to *Apollo*.

Fiſt then as to the "*Quid?*" the "*What?*" my answer is in one word—

word—it is *inspired*. And my first proof is, G—d eternally d—n him, as *Lord Peter* said, (and as so many other Lords say in their hearts) who says any thing to the contrary.

An inspired writer has as many *prerogatives* as a *King of England*; and more than as many *Blackstones* to adore them. He has as many *lives* as a *cat*, and as good a knack at falling upon his *legs*. He is as slippery as an *Eel*. You may cut him in slices, or turn him inside out, like a *Stocking* or a *Polype*. His gizzard is as callous as that of *Mitbridates*, and his hide as impenetrable as that of the *Son of Peleus*. He'll take as many colors as the *Cameleon*.

Cameleon. He is as nimble as *Proteus*: if you demolish him in one shape, he gets up again in another. His blood is as fruitful as the *Hydra's*: if you lop off one head of defence, up starts seven others in the room of it—if they *look* opposite ways, like those of the *Spread Eagle*; or *pull* opposite ways, like those of the *Amphibena*; no matter—they all hiss and spit at you with equal fury. They will bite and beslaver *one another*, perhaps, as much as *you*: but that's neither here nor there.

Inspiration, in short, is a *shield* against all *arrows*; and a *screen* against all *eyes*.—Charity never covered

vered a greater multitude of fins, than inspiration will of absurdities.

Considering therefore the many conveniences in it, it cannot be wondered at, with such fair pretensions as my Author will be found to have, if (notwithstanding all his excellencies) I chuse that he should have been *inspired*. Indeed it seems pretty generally agreed, that if there be such a thing as an inspired writer in *his age*, it *is* *he*: *some* say, *of any age*; and *he*, I'll warrant him, in the number.

When a history is inspired, it may be (in part or altogether) unintelligible, contradictory, either to unquestioned

questioned history, to itself, or to common sense. In all or any of these cases, one of four things is plain : either what is said is *literally* true, and to a tittle, in spite of every thing ; or it is a *prophecy* by *anticipation* ; or it is an *allegory* : or, when the worst comes to the worst, it is an *interpolation*.—On these four wheels an inspired work rides triumphantly over all objections. These properties, on the other hand, may be made to serve as so many *proofs* of inspiration—An inspired work has them, and if a work has them it is inspired—at least, it's clear they can never *hurt* it. If an inspired work
is

is *unintelligible*, so much the better : by having *none*, it has *all sorts* of *senses*. You may make any thing you want of it ; to use a word of Lord Bacon's, it is a *polychrest* : whereas, had it but *one* sense, and that a *plain* one, you must have taken it for better for worse ; as you can have no more of a cat than her skin : which might have been inconvenient.

If it jars against other histories, which on any other occasion would have passed for unquestionable, so much the better : it corrects them, and the point of history you gain by this means, is so much got into the

bargain for the satisfaction of the curious. If an event in it happens to come across any thing that is stubborn, as a *planet* or so in its revolutions; it's either *natural*, and then it runs bang against the planet, and makes it go as it ought to do; or it is *supernatural*, and then as it has nothing to do with planets—it salutes it, and sheers off. Accordingly, if you see a planet go on as if nothing had happened, at the same time that you know of a little incident having gone on a cross direction to it; you may be sure the incident is supernatural, otherwise they must have fallen foul of one another.

another. 'Tis from this hint the ingenious Mr. *Ferguson*, of Bolt-Court, Fleet-Street, has made a touchstone for inspiration out of his *Orrery*.

If two passages, in an inspired book, jar against *one another*, there are two ways of going to work— You either make them shake hands as well as you can, or kick one of them out of doors: which accordingly you find to have been an *interpolation*.

Interpolations however, though it's necessary they should march when they have done their business, are of use in a book, upon occasion, while they are there. Ask *Dean*

Prideaux else—There's nothing like them, he assures us, for “illustrating, connecting, and compleating” *things* * : in short, for making them “plain and intelligible†” and satisfactory “to the *people*.” As for telling them, that what you put in an old book is out of your own head, that's of *no* use—it's *their* business to find it out.

Take “the holy scriptures” for instance. “That there *are* such interpolations,” says he ‡, “is

* Connection, Vol. 1. B. 5. p. 342.
4th Edit.

† Ib. 345.

‡ Ib. 343.

“unde-

“undeniable: there being many
“passages, through the whole
“sacred writ, that can never be
“solved without allowing them.”
—And then he gives a string of
instances, as long as my arm, and
which he might have made as much
longer—“But these additions,” he
justly observes *, “do not detract
“any thing from the divine autho-
“rity of the *whole*: because they
“were all inserted by the direction
“of the same holy spirit, which
“dictated all the rest. This, as to
“*Ezra*, is without dispute: he be-
“ing himself one of the divine
“Penmen of the holy scriptures.

“For

* Ib. 344.

“ For he was *most certainly* the
“ writer of that book, in the Old
“ Testament, which bears his
“ name : and is upon good grounds
“ *supposed* to be the Author of two
“ more ; that is of the two books
“ of Chronicles : as *perchance* also
“ he was of the book of Esther.
“ And, if the books *written* by him
“ be of divine authority, why may
“ not every thing else be so which
“ he hath *added* to any of the rest ?
“ since there is all reason to sup-
“ pose, that he was as much
“ directed by the holy spirit of
“ God in the *one* as he was in the
“ *other.*” (What should ail him
else?)

else ?) “ *The great importance of the*
 “ *work proves the thing.* For, as
 “ it was *necessary* for the *church*
 “ of God, that this work *should*
 “ be *done*, so also was it *necessary*
 “ for the *work* that the person
 “ called thereto, should be thus
 “ *assisted* in the compleating of it.”
 Arguments of this force there is no
 resisting.

If it do'n't suit you, that a fact
 should be an *interpolation* ; you may
 have it a *prophecy* by *anticipation*.
 Indeed this is the best of the two
 in many respects ; that is when you
 can get it : which you cannot al-
 ways ; as the fact, at sometime or
 other,

other, (though at any time you will) must have been *true*. This I have said is *best*: because you not only *save off* an *objection* but *get* a *proof*. You get a *prophecy*, which, you are sure, has been accomplished. By this means, an anachronism that would destroy the credit of an *un-inspired* work, serves only to confirm that of an *inspired* one. It mounts aloft, and becomes a *prophecy*. There is a name for this, as there is for every thing that's curious. They call it a *Prolepsis*; * a fine Greek word, which signifies, in

* Div. Leg. V. 5. p. 35. Edit. 4. B. 6. Sec. 2.

plain English, what I have been saying: And who can stand against a word that's made out of so fine a language as the Greek?

When a Prophet had a mind to tell people what was *to* happen, and no body be the wiser for it; the way we see, that is one way, was to speak of it as if it *had* happened already: which passed off very well, provided no body was minding what he said. His sport then, was to laugh in his sleeve, to think how he had let the cat out of the bag, and got her still. 'Twas thus that a man was seen with his throat cut, upon an altar, some forty or fifty years before it

d hap-

happened. The man's name was accordingly told, with the particulars ; " and you, gentlemen," (said the Prophet to a great crowd he was talking to) " if you remember, were " the people that did it." As it was a thing of no consequence, they did not make him any answer, nor trouble their heads about it : but that was none of his fault—nothing could be more open or above board—nothing could be more generous—the man had warning enough given him to make off, or the deuce is in it, if he thought proper, and they to keep their hands off : at the same time that it would be but generous,

nerous, on their parts, to take no notice. And so it happened: no notice *was* taken of it: and so one of them wrote and published it in an inspired book, for fear they should forget it. The man staid in town and went to the altar; and *they*, that is their Grand-children, cut his throat for him accordingly. And so the prophecy was fulfilled.

Contradiction is another proof of inspiration in a work. Contradiction, indeed, between two passages, in a work that passes for the *same man's*, must be got rid of, I have shewn how. But contradiction between the works of *two men* is quite a different affair.

When two writers, both inspired, that is, both infallible, that is, both speaking from the same prompter who is infallible ('tis all the same :) when two such writers, I say, contradict one another point blank, 'tis a plain sign that what both of them say is true : (as is well remarked by I don't know who, and I don't know who besides, and the rest of them.) For 'tis plain they did not write *in concert* ; nor was one of them the *copyist* of the other : so that you get *two* witnesses instead of *one* ; and both equally unexceptionable. 'Tis plain too (by the bye) that neither of them knew what the other

other was about : [if he knew what he was about himself] which is altogether natural in persons of the same club, engaged in the same projects, eternally talking of the same things, and risking their lives every minute for the good of the same cause.

As to the particular things therefore, in which they *contradict* one another, the inspiration is out of all doubt. And it must be the same as to what^a they *agree* about: for, if they were mistaken in one thing, they might in another; which would make such a piece of work with the whole system, there is no thinking of.

of. It were to be wished our history had been furnished with some of this sort of proofs : but in this fabulous world (so at least it may be thought) we must take things as we *find* them, not as we would *have* them. As to genealogies, for instance, there is but *one* that I have been able to discover in my book : and the deuce a bit of any contradiction can I find in it. However, should it be thought necessary, I will look a little sharper against a next edition, and see whether I can't muster up *another*. In matters of this sort, every now and then, it is but setting *hard* to work, and fancying

eying a thing would be *very* convenient for you, and you get it : 'tis the way, they say, that mountains are removed by faith. 'Tis not yet perfectly settled, which of the two is easiest ; to remove mountains by faith, or to *find* a passage in a book which is not there. But all the world is agreed, that nothing is easier, if a man can write, than to *make* a book, or a part of a book, in which he may find what suits him. A man wants no mustard-seed for this ; but only a few grains of assurance, an uncritical age, a convenient obscurity, and a devoted set of readers.

As to Allegory, I don't recollect at present, what use there is in an
inspired

inspired work being allegorical; unless where you think it in danger of being too amusing; as we are apt to be unaccountably diffident of what pleases us *. In this case indeed, you may throw a veil of allegory over it to subtilise it, and carry it aloft above the shafts of the critics, as *Venus* threw a cloud over her son, to deliver him from the importunities of his antagonist. With so many, and such all-sufficient defences besides, you can never be said to be absolutely in want of it: and it is but a *defence* after all: for I

* Barrington's Observations on the Ancient Statutes, Edit. 3. which book however is an exception to the rule.

don't

don't know any particular *proof* it brings with it. However, it does very well every now and then to make, as the gardeners say, a variety:

“ But what's become of your
 “ book all this while ?” says a reader
 perhaps :—“ what's all this for—
 “ about *contradictions*, and *prolep-*
 “ *sises*, and *allegories* and *interpola-*
 “ *tions* ?” That's for him to look
 to.—If there *are* any such pretty
 things in it as I have been talking
 of, he'll know what to think of
 them. I sha'n't be at the pains of
 hunting them out for him. The
 deuce is in't if here won't be preface
 enough for him, without repeating
 e the

the best part of the book over again. "The business is not to make people read," as *Montesquieu* says (and as people every other week put into their title pages) "but to make them think"—I mean upon proper subjects: for *Dr. Blackstone* seems to think *, as far as he allows himself to think, it's the worst trick a man can get when he reads law: For which reason he has done all he can to break us of it.

As for the *Morality* of the piece—I did not know that I should have

* See Vol. IV. § 3d. Where he talks of the arrogance of setting up private opinion against public—Also Vol. I. II. III. and IV. *passim*.

said any thing about its morality.—
 In an inspired work, as every body
 knows, morality is an affair of very
 inferior consideration. You will
 have page after page, and chapter
 after chapter, without the least
 thought about any such thing.
 You'll have a whole work, of which,
 if it was not as full of prophecies
 as an egg's full of meat, you'd
 swear it was nothing but a b—y
 song: somewhat in the taste of,
 but not half so ingenious as, the
 "*Black Joke*." One thing, however,
 I can be pretty positive in; whether
 there is any thing *for* morality in my
 divine history or no, nothing is there
against it. No thefts, no violences,

no treacheries, no assassinations recorded with indifference, or with applause. Nothing to sow the seeds of strife and hatred among mankind. No equal and indiscriminate proscriptions of acts flagitious, unbecoming, indifferent, and meritorious. No threats of endless misery for actions undescribed. No vengeance sworn against one man for the iniquities of another. No unintelligible and contradictory precepts sanctioned by unutterable tortures. Every where my author will be understood, (for he knows how) as much as he would wish to be,—or if he is not, there's no great harm done—
and

and as much as is requisite for his purpose.

I durst engage there will not be a sword unsheathed for it; a child made fatherless; or a wife a widow. — There will not be so much as a *tear* shed for it; unless it be of that sort, which, had they been every where shed at first, over all *other* books of like pretension, would have saved many and many a flood of *bitter ones*.

Not but that there are every now and then some very pretty reflections in it of the moral cast. Such, for example, (if examples are necessary) is that of the sage *Mambrés*, (the *Mentor* of our female *Telema-
chus*)

ebus) that “*prudence* is better worth
 “*than eloquence* :”—a lesson that
 I wish *Mr. Wedd—e* had read be-
 fore he told us, that the *essence* of a
Jury, and of the use of it to us
 is in the number *twelve*, and in
 their *saying* that they are of one
 mind, when its no such thing.
 One might have had as good as this
 from *Dr. Blackstone*.

It is inspired ; as I have said be-
 fore, and proved it : and if that is
 not enough will prove it over again.
 I cannot however take upon me to
 advance any thing positive concern-
 ing the *quantum* of the inspiration.
 It may be *apocryphal* only, or like
 a bladder half blown ; it may be
canonical,

canonical, or like a bladder blown ready to burst. The learned, whom I have had the opportunity of consulting, differ in their opinions. Some appear disposed to look upon it as apocryphal; that is, rejected from out of a multitude of the same stamp, one knows not when, by one knows not whom, for one knows not what reason.

I must confess, I have not been able to find its name, either among those which, like the crockery ware at *Stockwell*, fell off the table, nor among those which stuck on. This however does not embarrass me—for, in affairs like these, if a man is not proof against embarrassment, he had

as good be hanged. It *might* have been for ought we can tell: for there are traces left of more inspired books than we have names for—Who knows but it might? *Who knows but* 'tis the very basis of the whole argument in Bishop Butler's *Analogy*: one of the profoundest books that ever was written in behalf of the system of unaccountables.

Who knows, I say, but it was? if it was not, the more's the pity. But whether it was or no, it ought to have been. If it would have matched but so so, with either class of them, in some respects, in others nothing could have matched better.

As

As to the species of the composition—I have given it the maturest consideration, and am satisfied beyond a doubt, that if it is not *poetry* it must be *prose*: but my reasons I must refer to a discourse on purpose.

I must not dissemble one objection that has been made to its inspiration: for we should be honest, and never pocket an objection we think ourselves strong enough to answer. Some have thought it *amusing*: whereas your inspired histories, say they, in general are enough to make a Cat sick. They are as bad as Dr. Blackstone's Commentaries, where he tells you of people's
f “ wisdom,

“ wisdom, and valor, and piety” by looking at their titles *. This I must own has some weight. Not but that other inspiring histories are amusing enough too, when considered in a proper light. At the worst, its amusing to think what has been *made* of them; if there is nothing amusing in them *themselves*.

As to the “*Quis*,” the “*Who*” —the second general head, as we make it (because it stood first) of our disquisitions: the learned, as usual, are divided. Some say one person, and some another. Some will have it, that it was written by that Secretary of *Abgarus King of*

* Vol. I. p. 51. Introduct. § 2.

Edeffa,

Edeffa, who sent a *talk* for him with *wampums* of alliance to the famous *Cherokee* chief the Little Carpenter : You may have it at any shop for fixpence, with his head to it. I know of no other reason for it (as Philologists will be catching at any thing to hook their crochets upon) except it be that our history is in *Syriac* ; and *Edeffa*, supposing there was such a place, was in *Syria*. As if the mighty kingdom of *Edeffa*, so famous all over the world, and that flourished for so many ages, had no more scribes in it than one. Others, to my knowledge, have a shrewd fancy to fix upon the Devil as the author : in proof of

f 2 which,

which, they say the Devil is known to have been remarkably busy of late years in the study where it came from.

I don't know, nor much care, how this may be ; so as it is but inspired. However, if the above mentioned reverend Gentleman is the *penman* as well as the *author*; its a matter that's soon settled. We know, as good luck will have it, where there is a very fair specimen of his hand writing ; which being, no doubt, a remarkable one, the similitude will easily be perceived. There's a letter of his, to the Provost and Fellows of *Queen's College* in *Oxford*, which that illustrious Society

ciety treasures up, with all imaginable care, for the inspection of the curious. What is remarkable is, (and I mention it for the honor of that learned body) though the correspondence has been of so long standing, they have scorned to make the use of it that some people have done. The world, censorious as it is, know this and acknowledges it—In the worst of times, no body ever thought of looking among them for a *Conjuror*.

As to the “*Ubi*,” the “*Where*”—I can speak with a little more precision... From a short note in one of the spare leaves (though I must own in a different hand from the rest) it appears
to

to have been written in the famous castle of *Pbér—neh*, (in English, “*The place of wit*”) situated within a small distance of the city of *Ninéveh*. A city as every body knows advantageously distinguished in history, among other things, for having given birth to the well written account of the *constitution* of *Crete* by *Olmus*, so much superior to any thing of the Court-Sophist *Melamp-tres*: indeed the only tolerable one, though a foreigner’s, ever seen by those Islanders; who, as it has been justly remarked of them, seemed to be satisfied with crying up the excellence of their constitution, without

out troubling themselves much to enquire wherein it consisted.

As to the “ *Quando?*” the “ *When?*” It appears, say some of my friends, from some characteristic circumstances, to have been written much about the time of the book of *Job*: that is either before *Moses's* time, or after the *Babylonish captivity*; or if not just then, at least some time before or since. The phraseology and turn of thought, they say, makes this as clear as the sun at noon.

Others have pretended to conclude, that it is posterior to some other inspired histories they mention, because it cites them. But
there's

there's nothing, we see, in that :
as it may have done it by *Prolepsis*.

Thus much I take upon me to
say, not to stand haggling for a
century or two—every incident in
it seems to bear the print of those
times of *high antiquity*, when
what we *now* call the *marvellous*
was the common course of things :
in short, when *miracles* themselves
were *natural* to *nature* ; as “*art*,”
says Professor Ferguson, is “*natural*
“to *man* *.” And thus we may ven-
ture to settle the question of the
“*Quando* :” not that its a half-
penny matter all the while, so long
as the history is inspired.

* On Civ. Society, Part I. Sect. I.

As to the "*Quomodo*," the "*Quibus Auxiliis*" the "*cur*;" having dispatched the other more important points, I shall not detain the reader long, "How" produced? why as other children of the brain (that is of the inspired breed) are begotten, (or to speak in plain English such as we meet with in Johnson's Dictionary for explaining words, and his novels for the Ladies) in the natural way of Bibliopoietic generation—or otherwise, in the stile of classic allegory—between *Momus* and *Minerva*.

"*Quibus Auxiliis? With what help.*"—With what implements? ('Tis a foolish question enough if I
g had

had not obliged myself to ask it—)
Why, with what implements *should*
it have been written; Not with
force and arms; to wit, *twenty thousand hammers, three hundred and fifty thousand mattocks, seven hundred and twenty thousand pick-axes*; such as I have seen *Special-pleaders* knock down walls with, to make way for their clients to go to law about them—but with pens and ink and paper, or whatever else was proper. I cannot justly recollect what, at present; not having the manuscript before me. As I don't serve my books, as St. John used, when he had got one given him; I did not take so much notice of the materials.

It's

P R E F A C E

It's sufficient for me, if I can eat any thing that comes from them: and glad we poor writers may be if we can, under the present *short allowance*. "*Cur? Why?*" why if my dear reader, for whom I have all imaginable respect, is so stupid as not to find it out of himself, he may let it alone. I'll be hanged if I tell him why—let him ask the Rev. Dr. —, or the Rev. Dr. —, or the Rev. Dr. any body else who has dipped his pen in controversy. They all know, one as well as another, *why* it is a man writes, who is not in their system.

All this, I hope it will be understood, I have been writing out

of pure generosity, for the satisfaction of the curious. For at bottom, when the inspiration of a book and its authenticity are equally out of dispute ; what signifies it to the world, when it was written or *where* it was written, or *by whom* it was written ; or whether at *any time*, or *any where*, or by *any body*—whether in verse, or in prose ; or whether in a stile barbarous or “ half-barbarous” * or a quarter barbarous.

* 'Tis the stile the book of Job was written in ; says Bishop Lowth : who, as Bishop Warburton says, knows nothing of the matter. Vide Appendix to the Divine Legation.

The

The book and it's author are *inspired*. This is my text, and I will stick to it—I begun with it, and I shall end with it—I have proved it, and its all I want. All those other points, people are welcome to think as they please about : let them but grant me this *one* that he was *inspired*. Inspired *how*, or with *what*, is no matter—whether by “*ale, or viler liquors ;*” * or whether by any liquors ; as I have no rhimes to make nor “*vickers*” to vent my spleen at, it is no concern of mine—whether with the waters of *Helicon* ; or the waters of *Marah* ; or (as some seem to have been inspired)

* Hudibras.

with the waters of the *Nile* after they had been turned into *blood*—whether after the manner of those who have written histories of the Devil in verse, or of those who have written them in prose.

No request, that ever was made, can be more moderate: it centers in a *word*. I have always been with those, who are for laying their foundations as broad as possible; that they may *take in* the more company: a wise and prudent maxim, however little attended to at present.

'Tis not the way, upon these occasions, to stand upon *sense* and *signification*. The grand point is in
the

the *words* let *them* be the same between you; you are agreed: shake hands: wish one another at the Devil; and all is harmony—'Tis the whole and sole scope of all church politics. Thus much for the work itself.

|

As to the translation I shall be very short. It would ill become the delicacy I pique myself upon, to expatiate on its merits. Fidelity, said I to myself, the most rigorous fidelity shall be its *proprium quarto modo*; that venerable simplicity which distinguishes

stinguishes the original, would be destroyed; that odor of sanctity would be debased by any attempt to bedizen it with adventitious graces. 'Twould have been an act of sacrilege, and nothing less, to have smothered it like the Sabine traitress, under the load of overwhelming ornaments.

How scrupulous I have been on this head the Syriac reader may easily convince himself: He has nothing to do but to cast his eye at any time, on the original at the Publisher's, with whom *Mr. Voltaire* has condescended to let me lodge it, for the inspection of the curious.

No—

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No—not a single syllable should justice have extorted from my modesty, about the translation or about any thing that has any thing to do with the translation—were it not necessary to devote to execration (I am sorry there are no tortures to be had) a series of the most sacrilegious indignities, that ever was offered to an inspired work—Yes, ye “*mur-derers of souls!*” (Oh, inspire me, triumphant Beattie, with thy holy flame!) murderers of the very *soul* and *spirit* of this CHERUBIC history! your breathless carcases, shall be whisked out of existence by my avenging quill. And O ye friendly Vultures! who with monthly flight

h visit

visit the land of letters and cleanse it from it's infesting vermin ! ye ministers of Phœbean justice ! ye shall clap your wings, and sing thanks to me for having saved to you this portion of your toils : unless with Sir *John Falstaff* in his exultations, or King *Alexander* in his cups, ye would annihilate the annihilated, and *slay again the slain*—Eyes, cease your rollings Heart be still Spirit ! O spare me—"Tis done I am composed—once more let me resume the pen.

The more I reflect, the more I am astonished, to think how this profanation should have been accomplished.

The

The two wretches neither of them understand a word of Syriac—thus much is plain

“ The WHITE OX ”

“ Work just published in France
“ by M. de VOLTAIRE ”——The
WHITE BULL, from the French,
translated from the Syriac by M. de
VOLTAIRE ?—What can this mean ?
when the Syriac was all the while in
my custody ? If my old friend M.
Voltaire has published it in any other
language than it was written in : ’tis
more, I must own, than I should
have suspected of him—I am sure,
when he put the manuscript into my
hand, he never said any thing about
his having taken a copy—Yes—it

must be so—there is no putting any confidence in man in these days. Alas! alas! it used not to be so in my young time—They have certainly corrupted one of my Secretaries—But in short, the audaciousness of Pirates is grown to such a pitch, since the late decision, there's no knowing where will be the end of it.

Judge then of my surprize, when taking up the first pamphlet that happened to lie under my hand at a coffee-house ('twas a thing called the *Sentimental Magazine*) I found what I am going to relate. Palled to death with insipidity upon insipidity, I turned over leaf after leaf, “seeking rest” (like the poor
man

man with the unclean spirit who wandered over dry places) “and finding *none*” (I don’t mean *dry places*—there were enough of them—but *rest*) when Oh! what were my feelings! when I beheld a fragment of my divine history, done into something that seemed designed for English: but so travestied! so mutilated! so botched! so enfeebled! so corrupted! so debased! so vitiated! so transmogrified! I should hardly have known it for the same.

To speak the truth; I cannot say but I had warning of this misfortune, and that of a very extraordinary nature. It was a warning indeed, which (like most of your supernatural warnings) though freely
given,

given, was never intended to be *taken*: a piece of intelligence, which, had it been understood *before* the time for the event's happening, might have been made false; and which accordingly, not being made intelligible till *afterwards*, was of no use to me.

I profess myself no believer in general in the significance of dreams: but with respect to that I am going to give an account of, as near as I can recollect, as the affair happened to myself, I must be allowed to make an exception. It is just so with my *grand-mother*, and her pupil *Judge Blackstone**, with respect to

* Comm. Vol. iv. p. 69. " Indeed the
" ridiculous stories that are generally told,
" and

witches—They are no believers in these sort of things, not they : al-

“ and the many impostures and delusions
“ that have been discovered in all ages, are
“ enough to demolish all faith in such a
“ dubious crime : *if the contrary evidence*
“ *were not also extremely strong.* Wherefore
“ it seems to be the most eligible way to
“ conclude with an ingenious writer of our
“ own ; [Spec. No. 117.] that *in general*
“ there *has* been such a thing as Witchcraft :
“ though one cannot give credit to any par-
“ ticular *modern* instance.” [Modern] is
“ an interpolation. The commentator was
dreaming : he took *himself* for *Exra*, and
the *Spectator* for the *Bible*. Poor *Addison*,
in his struggles between good sense and or-
thodoxy, threw himself into contradiction.
The commentator, whose grand concern is
always orthodoxy, has got himself (we see
in what manner) out of the scrape. He
knew that at a certain distance of time and
place one thing is as credible as another.

ways

ways excepted a little favourite instance or two of their own; which is so true, you are to understand, there's no resisting it. / Notwithstanding the intimacy that subsists between these good people; their familiarity of sentiments and dispositions; as my grand-mother, though pretty far advanced in years, eyes rather the worse for wear, skin none of the fairest nor smoothest, and rather too fond of a large *black cat* she keeps, is a very good sort of an old woman in the main: if, by any ill luck, she should be indicted for a witch herself, I should be sorry she had that sagacious Commentator for her Judge.

But

But to proceed with my dream—
Methought I was musing in my
study, like *St. Luke*, with my white
Bull at my side: the dear creature,
like *Mr. Zucker's* little *learned horse*,
looking out at window; little think-
ing what would happen. On a sud-
den, I heard a great noise in the
street. I looked up, and saw a
shabby sort of a fellow; holding, at
a rope's end, one of the oddest look-
ing Monsters, I thought, I had ever
seen. Virgil's

“*Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens,
“ cui lumen ademptum.*”

was an Angel to him.

He had indeed much more of the
ridiculum in him than the *horrendum*:

i

in

in other respects, Virgil's description would have suited him to a T. He was as shapeless and as blind as the Virgilian, though not quite so large—so far indeed from having eyes; he had not the least sign of a head to put them in—though for all that he seemed full as lively as my friend *Mr. Voltaire's snails*; after he had cut their heads off, thinking to see them grow again.

All I could distinguish of his shape,

“If shape that might be called which”—
making a small allowance for poetry

——“shape had none
“Distinguishable in member, joint or limb*.”

* Par. Lost, B. II.

was

was an enormous *paunch*, and the terminating aperture of an *intestinum rectum*. The paunch was continually yawning, and received indiscriminately all kinds of garbage that his keeper from time to time was throwing into it. Over it were *tatoo'd*, in letters of the same shape and size as *St. John* saw on the foreheads of the wild beasts at *Otakeite*, the words SENTIMENTAL MAGAZINE *. What I could not help marvelling at, was, his excrements which kept passing

* The late Dr. HAWKESWORTH conducted the *Gentleman's Magazine*; which he used humorously to call his *Monster*. It swallowed up, he would say, all the sense he had, as fast as he could rake it together. This idea, I suppose, must have been the Embryo of my dream.

out at the aperture I have been speaking of, as fast as he received his provender, were collected with great diligence by a vast crowd of people: who seemed to be licking them up with as much glee as *Ezekiel* did his *brown bread and butter*; or the *Princes* of Tartary do the savory presents of the *Grand Lama*.

These delicate sausages, I found, sold when fresh at six-pence a link: tho' when *stale*, (as was soon the case with them) they went in the wholesale way by the pound. About four links came in this way for a halfpenny: at which price there were more sellers than buyers. They seemed to make a very useful cement to pay the insides of
trunks

trunks with. An intelligent person who stood near me, seeing me wonder at the crowd, told me there were no fewer than eighty thousand fold in a month ; as he could assure me, having counted them. “ But “ what sells ninety nine out of a “ hundred of them, I believe,” (added he in a whisper) “ is a “ piece of *copper*, that, by a power “ peculiar to the stomach of this “ animal, crySTALLIZES in the form of “ as pretty a little *medal* as ever you “ saw. Every link has a medal of “ the same size and marks : and “ the marks come different every “ month.”

This puzzled me a little—I know that a *river* in Ireland voided bars of copper :

copper: but then it swallows iron ones in exchange. I knew that the stomach of a *bird* will *digest* metals: but that the stomach of a *beast* should *produce* them; and in such regular forms; and those forms different at different periods; was more, in truth, than I could have thought of. To convince me, he was so obliging as to take one of the links, and open it before me: when sure enough, as he said there appeared a little medal in the middle of it, nicely folded up in white paper. He handed it up to me: when, upon looking at it, what was my surprise, to see the effigies of my own identical person, neatly executed by *Mr. Kirke*. "You see,"
"Sir,"

“ Sir,” added my informer with a
 simper of respect, “ we need not
 “ wonder at the eagerness of peo-
 “ ple to buy the *nut* considering
 “ the value of the *kernel*.” At the
 same time he shewed me the heads
 of several other distinguished per-
 sons all produced, as he assured me
 in the same manner—*celebrated ac-*
tors—the King, John Wilkes, Esq;
 Mr. Garrick,* *Neroes, Poets, Phi-*
losophers, &c. &c. Well, says I, “ I
 “ have read in Virgil, of *plants* with
 “ the heads of illustrious persons
 “ upon them for *flowers*, but I
 “ never heard yet of a *beast* that
 “ ———t them.”

* Dic, quibus in terris inscripti nomina
 regum

Nascuntur flores, et Phyllida solus habeto.

While

While I stood admiring the neatness of the impression, the keeper of the monster kept twitching me by the elbow, and was very eager with me to take a bite at one of his sausages. He assured me, I should find the richest flavor in them of any thing I had ever tasted. I resisted for some time: but as I am not a man to be governed by appearances, and as curiosity and complaisance are both strong ingredients in my composition, I at length consented. I gave him my sixpence; and at the same time, pulling out my penknife, took up upon the point of it a little piece of one he reached me. I put it into my mouth: when instead of the smell
one

one should have expected from such a dish, or the flavor he had promised me, I could scarce perceive any flavor there was in it at all—*Insipidity*, with a little twang of *mustiness*, (tho' what I had came piping hot from the monster) seemed it's only characteristic.

I made, I believe, a wry face or two : when the conductor, darting at me as I thought a *Tyburn* look....
 “ You don't *like* this batch,” says he, “ and be d—d to you—let's see how you will like the next.”
 With that he makes up to my poor white Bull, as he stood with one of my arms about his neck, fencches a desperate stroke at him, which carried off a large slice of his muzzle ;
 k and

and almost at the same instant, with another stroke, brings out in a manner I don't know how to describe, the dear creature's te——s. What was unaccountable in all this, the only thing I could see, all the time, in the hand he did it with, was a bit of something that looked like the *stump* of an old *pen*. No sooner was this done, than in he pops both muzzle and te——s (bloody and mangled as they were, with the scurvy tool he had hacked them off with) into the monster's paunch. The paunch closed upon the proffered dainties, and gave a hollow yell of inward satisfaction.

“ Insonuere cavæ gemitumque dedere
“ cavernæ.”

The

The Monster-leader looked tenderly at his Monster; and the Monster at him, (as well as a Monster could do without eyes :) and each at other

“ Grinned horribly a ghastly smile.”

Then turning to me——“ Misoponus,” says he, “ the Gods have sent me to punish thee for thy negligence——The next White Bull thou hast to take care of, look a little better after him—As for this *Apis*, we will come again, I and my Monster, before the beginning of each moon, even unto ten times; and do the like unto him each time, even until he be consumed. It is NICHOLAS NIN-

“ COMPOOP of the parish of St.
“ *Bennet, Sheerbog, Sow-gelder*, that
“ hath spoken this unto thee.” As
I was preparing to sacrifice the mis-
creant to my vengeance (for all this
was but the work of a moment) ...
Monster-leader, Monster, crowd,
and all, vanished from before me.
And I was left alone in my study
with my poor mangled Bull, the
God Apis, the exiled lord of so
many kingdoms, the luckless Ne-
buchadnezzar.

“ Alas !” said I, throwing my
arms about his neck (and kissing the
bleeding remnant of his mutilated
pericranium) “ unhappy Apis ! once
the most beautiful of all bulls, now
the most deformed ! With what
counte-

countenance shall I behold the longing *Amosida*! She hath bewailed her virginity—tenderly bewailed it—but how will she bewail thy ravished Manhood! She is no *Mrs. Tenducci*—O ye powers of sympathy! For seven long years to have waited for a husband and be balked at last! and to be thus balked! balked by this cruel this ineffable catastrophe!

O wretched Princess! O my new *Eloisa*—How wilt thou behold the mangled carcase of thy Abelard! Better he had been *burnt* for an *Enchanter*, or *roasted* whole at an *Election*—better he had been given to the fish of Jonas!—O Mambrés! O Daniel! O Enchantress!
Wretched, sacrilegious, inhuman
miscreant!

miserant ! * O hadst thou but staid
one moment longer ! I would have

* When *I* use a word, sleeping or waking, I mean what *other* people mean, and what *I* say—there's the difference between me and *Dr. Blackstone*. “*Miserant ?*” c'est un peu fort—'tis rather upon the violent order I must confess. But the reader knows my provocation, and will excuse it. He'll consider too that *I* was dreaming—I don't know what the *Commentator* was doing, when *he* used it. One should be apt to suppose he was in a violent passion, and at the same time in a violent fright. He applies it to persons who “deny the holy scriptures to be of divine authority,” (which according to him, is “to destroy all moral obligation.”)* 'Tis the only word he could think of in the language; because, in a language that nobody knows any thing of

* Comm. Vol. IV. P. 44.

to cut thee limb from limb—I could have minced thee, like a Chinese

but half a dozen Lawyers (as he is at the pains of a note to tell us) it means the same as “*unbelievers*”—For which reason he applies it a few pages afterwards to S——tes.* ’Twas a pretty contrivance of his, for killing *two birds* equally odious to him with *one stone*.

I therefore on my part write this note, and do hereby declare for the sake of those who may understand *Law French* and nothing else, that I did not mean any reflection upon the *orthodoxy* of the fow-gelder. A man may be as miserable a scribler as the man I was dreaming of, and be orthodox to the back bone.

A very excellent piece of advice I remember hearing my grandmother give him (she is a *Jersey* woman) as he was prattling *Nor-*

* Comm. Vol. IV. P. 216.

malefactor, into ten thousand pieces; my hands should have revelled in thy bowels.—The *Gods* send thee!—thou liest, Miscreant! *The Gods respects the Gods.* Some Dæmon rather:—Yes it was some Dæmon,—none but a Dæmon,—scarce even a Dæmon could have inspired thee with this more than Dæmoniac malice But what do I here? I will go hunt thee out:—not a hogstie in St. Bennet's will I leave unsearched.—If thou art in a *garret*, I will go

man French to her upon her knee: I could wish him to keep it in mind——“*Mon*
“*nursling, Jeo baile a toy cestuy advisament—*
“*Scachez, mon j'ez, que non devez monfire*
“*tes dents, quant ils ne paient mordre.*”

there:

there:—If thou art in a *cellar* I will go there also :—If thou take the bat's wings of any of thy infernal counsellors, and fly to *Tartarus* ;—to the uttermost pit of *Tartarus* will I pursue thee. Not the united arms of Gog, Magog and Demogorgon, shall shield thee from my vengeance. You shall be torn to pieces by the wild *bulls* :—The luckless *Apis*, thy unhappy victim, Caitiff, though now, alas ! a *bull no longer*, shall be the Thill-horse in the team. No—I will send to *Pherea*, to my friend, the just, the equitable Perillus ; I will borrow *his* bull ; I will heat it with the flames which consumed the city with the *odious* name—thy hide
I shall

shall feel the scorching bras—there shalt thou expiate thy sacrilege by thy roarings.”

In the midst of all these exclamations methought I ran into the street—I flew to St. Bennet’s Sheerhog—I searched every creek and cranny in the parish : I vowed hecatombs of *candles* as I went along, and other things, such as Saints are fond of, to the *Saint* : but all in vain—I returned home, wearied and disappointed, to the *martyr’d Apie*, in whom the *force of Divinity* had by this time healed up his wounds : though it could not restore him the *organs* he had lost.—After the full ebullitions of my rage had thus vented

vented themselves; being grown by this time a little cooler, I began, methought, to recollect, (as Gentlemen do sometimes after the first twinge of a provocation is over,) that there were such things as *laws*: and Gods, I had always understood from Dr. Blackstone, were as much entitled to the protection of the laws as men; and even more so: good reason why: as they don't know how, poor things! to take care of themselves; and to get a full pannel of their peers to try them, since the Grand Jury of twelve has dropt off to three, might be no easy matter. Upon that I took a good bag of guineas out of my bureau, as many

as I could possibly carry (for as I have so few of them when I am awake, I have the more of them when I am asleep) and calling upon my attorney in my way, went to four of the most eminent council, I could hear of, for advice, I found them all *unanimous* : a thing, which I should not so much as have *dreamt* of, had I been *awake*. They assured me, for my satisfaction, that the offence was *felony* without benefit of *Clergy* : that I might indict the man upon the *Coventry Act* ; or the *Black Act*, which I pleased ; or upon *both* of them to make *sure*.

“ Black Act ! Coventry Act !

“ Sir !” (said I to the learned Gentleman

who seemed to take the lead) "I
" am afraid I must beg a little ex-
" planation—I can easily suppose
" we have a *Black Act* for our Ne-
" groes; the French I know have a
" *Code Noir* for their's. But as the
" fellow, I have been telling you
" of, *blackguard* as he may be, is no
" *Negro*, I don't clearly understand
" how it will suit our case: and as
" the outrage in question was not
" done in *Coventry*, but at my Hotel
" in *Babylon*, I am as much at a
" loss with respect to the other act
" you mentioned." "I don't much
" wonder at your mistake," answered
" the Council, "but I can soon
" set you right."

By

By the *Black Act*, 9 Geo. I. c. 22. or, as it might as well have been called, the *bloody Act*, amongst other things it is made *felony*, without benefit of *Clergy*, unlawfully and maliciously to wound any *cattle*.

The same people, you are to know, who had committed *robberies* with their *faces blacked*, and who from thence was called "*blacks*," had maimed *Cattle*: which being the case, it was found *necessary* to make it the same crime to do a *Calf* a *mischief*, as to set a *town* on *fire*.

As to the *Coventry Act*, it takes its name from a *man*, not from a *town*: and, least you should be under

any

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any apprehensions, is as *good* law,
I may venture to tell you, in one
part of the world as another. It's
now about a hundred years since the
King's brother, who after that rose
through the successive ranks of *King*
and *Jesuit*, to be a *Saint* in Heaven,
having taken a pique at a *Sir Thomas*
Coventry, for something done in
Parliament, had him waylaid and
mangled in a shocking manner. It
had never been suspected till *then*,
that *ears* and *noses* were softer than
knives and *hangers*: but ever since,
if you have a mind to stake *your own*
life aginst the tip of your *neighbour's*
ear, it's a match: and the law
throws you in *his life* to the bargain.

Yon

You see our laws, which are all excellence, as you know from Dr. Blackstone, (and which by the bye you ought to be better acquainted with than you seem to be, since you have heard them a hundred years ago by the ears of your Representatives) are all built upon *Montesquieu's* principle of making it a man's interest to avoid a greater crime rather than a smaller.—It's certain that any attempt to make them otherwise than they are, would be their ruin. I could give you instance upon instance to prove this—But I see you are in a hurry.

Before we parted, I went aside to one of them, (of whose speaking

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my attorney had given me a great character) and with tears in my eyes begged of him not to take a fee of the Defendant: adding that whatever the said Defendant offered I would give him double.—*Upon that* he assured me that he scorned any such thing—that there had never been more than *one* instance of a man's doing so; and he grew so infamous for it, that he was obliged to give up the Profession. “And he is now got so low,” (concluded he) “as to be proud of being *cock* of the *company*, among a pack of fellows, whom, he once declared, he valued no more than so many *drunken porters*.”

This being settled, the first thing to be done was, to apply for a Warrant from my Lord Mayor; and, in the mean time, one of them (who had been used to the *Old Bailey* business) as it was a very special case, undertook at my Attorney's request, to draw up the *indictment*.

I then hastened, methought to the *Mansion-house*: where, finding his *Lordship* sitting, I related my melancholy story and prayed a warrant. "And now, my Lord," added I (gathering up all my breath for a peroration) in order to obtain from your Lordship's justice every assistance which my poor ward's case requires; I know I have but

to apply myself to your Lordship's feelings, and beg of your Lordship, with all humble submission, to lay your Lordship's hand upon your Lordship's heart, or wherever else your Lordship pleases, and to imagine how you would like to be served yourself.

As I have the honor of a slight acquaintance with his Lordship, I took the liberty at the same time of asking him, if he could tell me where I might meet with Nincompoop ; as I thought I had seen his name once among a list of the Members of the *Bill of Rights* : adding that, now I came to think of it, I had some notion of his being a friend of *Mr. Wilkes's* : and having

assisted him in writing his celebrated *History of England*. Upon that his Lordship gave me the warrant I desired: but as for finding him out, told me with more sharpness than is natural to him, he wondered how I should think of applying to *him* for such a purpose—that I must go to *Sir John Fielding*—that Nincompoop might for aught he knew belong to the *Society*, as well as many other of Mr. Wilkes's friends whom he never troubled his head about—that there were so many of that name he could not possibly recollect them all—that he knew nothing about histories of England nor Mr. Wilkes neither, that he ever heard of—that he was no *Conjurer* to find

find out *thieves* in *garrets*; nor had ever been taken for such—that he was “*fully conscious of his inability*” as he had declared to all the world, and would stand to it—“*Odds bobs*” did he “*won’t they believe me?*”—that there was a good old *proverb* about *Lord Mayors* (by which I understood he meant a saying one very often hears. “*I protest I know no more of the matter than my Lord Mayor*”—and that it should never be said that Fr—— B—— was the first that had ever belied it.

I forget what passed at *Sir John Fielding’s*: neither do I recollect any particulars of the *second* search I made, when armed with this authority: only that it turned out as fruitless

fruitless as the *first*. No *Nincompoop*, or at least not *that* *Nincompoop*, was to be found. One had as good have gone a hunting after a *Jew Bail*—

The last thing, I can recollect particularly, is, finding myself up five pair of stairs in the *Temple*, at the Council's chambers who was to draw the INDICTMENT—"Well Sir," says he, (taking me by the hand as I entered the room,) "here's *that*, (pointing to a parchment that lay upon the table) will do Master *Nincompoop's* business, or I shall be much surprised. I think we shall make a Hog or a dog of him—My life for it, when he comes to shew his face at the *Old Baily*, he'll find
" that

“ that when he took your *Bull* by
“ the —*ds* he got the wrong *Sow*
“ by the ear.” After a proper compliment, I took up the *parchment* in order to read it: but upon looking at it, found it such a confused Mass of writing, without a stop, or a line, or a break, or any thing to assist the eye, I could make neither head nor tail of it. “ Sir,” says he, (observing my embarrassment) “ You seem not much used to our way of writing. As the less people know of law, the better; it’s our maxim to make things as unintelligible as we can: but if you will give me leave I will read it to you myself.”——

A Friend

A Friend of mine (a Clergyman) assured me once, he had made the greatest part of many a sermon in his sleep: that when he was hard pressed, he would take a text to bed with him over night, thoughts would come into his head, and next morning he had little more to do than to write down what he had been dreaming of. I used to think it singular enough: but as I knew my friend for a man of strict veracity, (and had heard some of his discourses) I made no great difficulty of believing him.

Indeed I have got now and then by the same means, as far as a short *hint* or two towards a composition, myself. But I must confess I could
never

never have thought it possible, if it had not happened to me, to compose a long indictment in my sleep, and remember every syllable when I had done. I shall now find the less difficulty in believing, what I have heard my *Grandmother* tell, of a parcel of *Tinkers* and *Coblers* drinking at the *Robinhood* till they spoke to the question in all the languages of Europe.—I think I could engage to give the reader not only the *purport* but the very *tenor* of the Indictment as he read it: and were I a Serjeant at Law, and to be *counting ore tennus*, as the way was formerly; I think I could recite it without a single *Jeofail*.

The learned Council (I have his

n

voice

voice still in my ear) took up the parchment and read as follows—

The Jurors of our Lord the King upon their oaths present (this is the first Count upon the Black Act, you are to know) that WHEREAS a marriage was then shortly about to be had and solemnized by and between one ——— Nebuchadnezzar of Babylon in the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields * in the County of

* [Babylon in the parish of St. Martin's in the fields] So he told me it was resolved to lay it after much consideration and search of precedents.

“ I have

Middlesex Esquire commonly
called King Nebuchadnezzar
alias the God Apis alias the
Bull-God alias the God-Bull.

"I have heard talk indeed" says he,
"of all the *world* in a nut-shell: that's an
hyperbole: but there's not an Attorney's
clock but can get it you into any parish
in Middlesex that you please."—"I
dare believe it," answered I—"this
same Babylon takes a trip every now and
then to *Rome* when it wants a *Bishop*.
The *laws* of an Infidel country cease (as
Lord Coke,* I have been told, assures us,

* Reports Pt. 7. f. 17. b.

"If a *christian* King should conquer a kingdom of
an *infidel*, and bring them under his subjection;
then *ipso facto* the laws of the Infidel are *abrogated*:
for that they be not only against *Christianity*, but
against the laws of *God* and of *nature* contained in
the *Decalogue*." Thus far Lord Coke.

and one Amasida Amasis of
Tanis in the County afore-

“ and Dr. Blackstone after him †) when it
“ has the happiness to be conquered by a
“ Christian nation. I hope, for the sake
“ of peace, his successor in the *Vineta*
“ *chair* will not forget it when he gets to
“ *India*. So the *Pope* sends a *Bishop* to them
“ (as he does to a few other conquests he
“ made in *partibus infidelium* a few hundred
“ years ago) to govern them *without*: I
“ mean *without laws*—’tis the way all
“ *Bishops* chuse to govern when they can,
“ human laws and such like trumpery they
“ call *Sbirrerie*”—*Bumbailiff*’s tricks, as *Lord*
Bacon tells us “ But pray how do you

† 1 Comm. 105. Introduct.

“ In conquered or ceded countries that have already
“ laws of their own, the King *may* indeed alter and
“ change those laws; but till he *does* change them
“ the *ancient laws remain: unless* such as are against
“ the *law of God*, as in case of an *Infidel* country.”

manage

said and Parish aforesaid
Spinster commonly called
the Princess Amasida alias the
fair Amasida alias the tender

“manage it? O,” says he, “we have
“an instrument on purpose. It’s the same.
“I have been told that was used when the
“*Serpent*, who makes such a figure in your
“history, took a friend of his o’top of
“*St. Paul’s* to shew him the *Microcosm*.”
“A better contrivance,” says I, “I hope
“for going to work upon the world with,
“than turning it with *Stackhouse* into a
“Pancake.” “Oh! abundantly,” says he,
“*Stackhouse* was a bungler. Our’s is a
“clever instrument I can assure you.—Did
“you never see it? it has got two handles:
“you use one of them or the other just as
“is most convenient. When you are once
“got into the use of it, you may do any
“thing with it you please.”

Amasida

Amasida one Nicholas Nin-
compoop of Blowbladder-Street
in the Ward of Cheap and
Parish of St. Bennet's Sheer-
hog in the City of London
Sow-gelder well knowing
the premises and being a
person of a reprobate de-
praved malicious and stu-
pid disposition and wind-
ing and intending the hap-
piness of the said — Ne-
buchadnezzar &c with the
said Amasida Amasis &c his
said intended Bride to defeat
and overthrow and then the
said — Nebuchadnezzar and
Amasida Amasis to deprive of
the

the comforts of matrimony
and him the said — Ne-
buchadnezzar to kill day
back he w maim injure and
oppress [*you may rest a little, Sir,*
if you please, we shall come to the end
of the sentence by and by] and not
having the fear of the foot
behind his breech nor Boyer's
Dictionary before his eyes but
being moved by the twitches
of hunger and by the insti-
gation of the Printers Devils
on the 1st of June in the
14th year of the reign of
our Sovereign Lord George
the third of Great Britain
France

France and Ireland and of
Canada Despot Defender of
the faith and so forth at the
hour of eight in the fore-
noon of the same day with
force and arms in Babylon
aforesaid in the Parish aforesaid
and County aforesaid
in and upon the said —
Nebuchadnezzar &c in the
peace of God and of our said
Lord the King then and
there being did make an
assault and the aforesaid
Nicholas Nincompoop with a
certain instrument called
the stump of an old pen which
he the said Nicholas Nin-
compoop

compoop in his right hand
then and there had and held
and which in any body's
else's hand might have been
worth the 10th part of a
farthing the said — Ne-
buchadnezzar in and upon
the Scrotum betwixt and be-
tween the two hind legs of
the said — Nebuchadnezzar
feloniously did stab and
thrust and then and there
the T——s or —s of the said
—— Nebuchadnezzar feloni-
ously and mayhemiously
forth and out did take gib-
ing unto the said — Ne-
buchadnezzar then and there
o with

with the stump aforesaid
in form aforesaid in and
upon the Scrotum aforesaid
one ghastly wound of
the breadth of one foot two
inches and seven-ninths of
an inch and of the depth of
three inches and fourteen-
seventeenths of an inch of
which said ghastly wound
he the said — Nebuchad-
nezzar and the said Amasida
Amasis then and there lying
did languish and languish-
ing did live until the said
t—s were miraculously re-
stored to wit on or about the
day of June the month
aforesaid and the year aforesaid

said to the end that what was written might be accomplished And so the Jurors aforesaid upon their oath aforesaid do say that the said Nicholas Nincompoop him the said — Nebuchadnezzar on the aforesaid first day of June in the year aforesaid in the County aforesaid in manner and form aforesaid feloniously did maim and other enormities to him then and there did against the peace of our said Lord the now King his crown and dignity and against the form of the statute in such case made and provided.

“ Your pardon,” Sir : (says I)
 “ one little passage again if you
 “ please. I would not interrupt
 “ you any more, for fear I should
 “ never get the thread again—But
 “ what was that I heard about my
 “ poor Bulls t——s and their be-
 “ ing miraculously restored ?”

While I was yet speaking me-
 thought I observed a sudden change
 in my companion——Off dropt the
 fable honors of the *Bar*—

“ He” rose, “ and to his proper shape return’d—
 “ A seraph wing’d : six wings he wore, to shade
 “ His lineaments divine ; the pair that clad
 “ Each shoulder broad, came mantling o’er his breast
 “ With regal ornament : the middle pair
 “ Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round
 “ Skirted his loins, and thighs, with downy gold,
 “ And colors dipt in Heav’n : the third, his feet
 “ Shadow’d

Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail
 "Stupendur'd grain!" Of his spruce Tye each hair
 Part, from buckling grasp, unsprang; and shone
 A ray of light. "Like *Maia's* son he stood,
 "And took his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance fill'd
 "The *Circuit* wide." Par. Lost, V. 142.

I knew him immediately for the
Angel Raphael, whom I had sur-
 prized once at my friend *Milton's*
 (the *Golden Head* in *Apollo Court*)
 sitting for his picture.

One may imagine what my amaze-
 ment was though in a dream—*A*
Barrister at Law an Angel?—'twas
 a metamorphosis I had never met
 with a precedent of in all *Ovid*.
 No silk-worm-keeping school-boy
 was ever more astonished, the first
 time

CX P R E F A C E.

time of his seeing a *grub* turned into a *butter-fly*.

“ Be of good cheer” (said the Angel with a smile) “ be of good cheer, MISOPONUS—the *master of things* hath seen thy zeal, and taken pity of thy distress: only another time be more vigilant. Thy *Bul* even the *White Bull* shall be made whole—Thy zeal shall save him—the wounds which the fist of NINCOMPOOP hath given the hand of MISOPONOUS shall heal—Take this, and use it (thou knowest how) with alacrity and thanksgiving.”

I sprung from my chair in such a rapture of gratitude and reverence,

to prostrate myself at his feet, that it waked me: and I found myself flat on my face on the carpet by my bedside.

* * * *

'Twas a fine dream—and yet somehow or other I was never the wiser for it, no more than *Nebuchadnezzar*—I wish the reader may. The truth is, to so little purpose had I lived in the world, I did not know there was such a thing in it as a **SENTIMENTAL MAGAZINE**: which my intelligencer never considered; or perhaps I should rather say (as I have before intimated) *did* consider, and therefore knew I might be safely trusted with what he had

to

to tell me.—This “shameless scrib-
 “bler” (there we have him Dr.
 Warburton *) This most unac-
 countable of all scribblers—I should
 never have done, if I were to re-
 count half the pranks he has played,
 in the compass of a page or two.
 He has made more transmogrifica-
 tions than ever *Mambrés*, or *Moses*,
 or even *Harlequin* himself, did in
 the time. To say nothing of the
 trick he played my *White Bull* with
 the very first stroke of his *pen* (for
 which he had liked to have smarted
 so in vision) he has turned an *Ara-
 bian Courser* into the Wild Beast of

* Alliance, 4th Edit. Postscript, sentence
 the last. *Finis coronat opus.*

the *Gevaudan* ; and made him “*ra-
vage woods and plains.*” instead
of *traversing plains and rivers*. He
has hattered poor *Isis* out of her
very life—He has turned her back
again from a *Heifer* (as *Ovid* had
made her) into a dirty drab of his
he calls *Genissa* *, that nobody ever
heard of.---He has fallen upon poor
Mambres and made a very *mummy*
of him before his time : more from
ignorance indeed, I will do him the
kindness to believe, than malice.
The *Syriac copyist* had made a little
flip of the pen—he had put an [*i*]

* “The charming *Genissa*, into which
“*Isis* was changed would hardly have been
“worthy of him.” p. 202.

too much before the word [*Mage*] and made it [*Image*] This genius, not knowing enough of the *Syriac*, to perceive that it was a mistake; nor of *common sense* to see that it made nonsense; e'en clapped it down, in the *English*, letter for letter as he found it. He has vented and invented more calumnies against our little society than ever Squire W—s or Parson H—e did, against each other or any body else. Stupid in his assertions as he is base, he has dared to impeach the *courage* of our *Serpent*, at the very time he was giving the most signal proofs of it * — of our in-

* He would fain have it that our *Serpent* "appeared to be terrified:" whereas, if

to: 708

reptile Serpent, "*the cause that*" fear
 "is" in so many other creatures ;
 who himself never knew what fear
 was in his life.

Ask Milton else—

"Created thing not valued he nor feared."

He has insulted a monarch's woes ;
 aspersed his constancy ; and, with-
 out the least warrant, but his own
 perverse imagination, attributed
 his "*absence*" to "*caprice*" : * as

terror could have found place in either of
 their noble breasts, it is the *Serpent* that
 would have terrified the *Bull* ; not the *Bull*,
 the *Serpent*.

* "By what unaccountable *caprice* hast
 thou abandoned thy mistress and thy throne ?"

[p. 201]

if he had turned *himself* into a *Bull*; choosing rather to be that or any thing, rather than the first monarch in the world, and happy with his *Amasida*. Such are the absurdities to which a man may be driven by the spirit of detraction. As if this was not enough, he has charged my *Raven* with an assault upon his dear "*Chargy*," * with an intent almost as *mayhemious* as his own. "*The Raven*", says he, [p. 202] "*flew about the Ox's head, and, endeavored to peck out his eyes.*" All *Syria* knows how false this is— All *Syria* (and now through me all

* Vid. *The Guardian*.

England) knows the motive of his feigned assaults—they know that the efforts of that faithful bird, ere this reformed (as we hope to see *L---d L.*) from the vices of his youth, were but so many proofs of his fidelity to his trust, and affection for the object of it. Nor, supposing him as bloody minded as this Scribbler, is he so bad a *Lawyer* neither, as not to know that putting out of eyes is felony by act of Parliament: Felony without benefit of Clergy; and that not even his *cloth* could save him.

It's a pretty fight to see such a fellow as this pretend to be sceptical, and make his observations: a fellow
that

that would swallow ye a *Camel* as you would a *Loach*, pretend to be straining at a *Gnat*. “It’s very extraordinary” to him forsooth, that my Bull’s horns should be “of ivory :*” as if a piece of an *Elephant’s tooth*, neatly polished, could not be grafted upon a *Bull’s forehead* upon occasion, as well as a *Chimney-sweeper’s* upon a *Lady of Quality’s jaw-bone*. —If he pretends never to have heard of this I must send him to *Mr. Hunter and Dr. Spence*. I would be glad to know where he ever read that the horns of the “fat *Bulls of Basan*” that compassed *King David* about

on every side, or of *Hercules's* or *Geryon's*, or *Europa's*, or in short those of any Bull of Quality, were of any thing else. The truth is, what was really *uncommon*, and what the Historian has very justly observed to be so, is that a *Bull* should be *nimble*.

For Grammar—poor Grammar—it fares as ill with him as common sense—“*It was him who is so celebrated for engaging in a famous dispute with Moses.*” *... But I won't talk to *be* any more about *grammar*—that I won't.

Thus it is he *executes* the 1st chapter out of the 2d—But let us pass on

* P. 201.

to the other Hero—Mean while let this beware how he *executes* any more—If he does!—Ye Powers... But I shall relapse again—O gentle *Raven!* if indeed thou longest for *Calves' eyes*, go see whether thou can'st find any in *his head*.

This, one should have thought, would have been enough for any patience less than Job's: but behold! scarcely had I recovered from the shock which *this* sacrilegious ragamuffin had given me, when up starts *another* pirate.—“ Unhappy
“ *Apis!* (said I) they come about thee
“ like *bees* about the *lion's* carcase,
“ that *Sampson* made so pretty a
“ riddle of”——But why mention
I the lion and the bees?—Thou

art

not strong indeed: but as to what these creatures make, God knows how far it is from being *sweet*! They have covered thee not with *boney*, but with *untempered mortar*.—Woe be unto them that have daubed thee with *untempered mortar*.

As for this genius, to do him justice, he does make shift to know a *woman* from a *cow*—But for his *style*! whereunto shall I liken his *style*?—bald as *time's occiput*—heavy as *ten cart horses*—hobbling as the *Devil-upon-two-sticks*, or as any *old woman* without a *stick*—insipid as *water-gruel*—flat as *small-beer* that has not *body* in it to be

four——such, journeyman of *Murray*, is thy *stile*.

In short, for fidelity and elegance, this hero take him throughout, is what the other *promises* to be—Speaking of the *white Bull*, he makes the *fish* of *Jonas* (rap out a great oath, I suppose, and) “*threaten* to devour him.”—The proverb, “*mute as a fish*,” was lost upon a fellow that’s as stupid as a dumbledore.

An *august enchantress* in his hands dwindles into a “*remarkable witch*”†: if he was to *at* her again, I suppose, we should see her a little old woman cut shorter. A pretty prank he has played in his 13th page.—

* P. 9.

† P. 13.

Every body is acquainted with the institution of the *scape goat*—an edifying and efficacious institution; than which a more *effectual discouragement* from *sin*, could never have been devised—an institution, which, if we had any sense among us, we should have preserved along with *baptism*, *fasting*, and the *Sabbath*: but which, some how or other, has been unaccountably neglected. This fellow has gone and taken it from *God's own people*; as if they had no use for it; and, without saying with your leave, or by your leave, has made a present of it to the *Egyptians*. “This goat,” (he makes *Mademoiselle* of *Endor* say to my *Lord Mambres* [p. 14.] “is
“ he

“ he” who expiates all the *sins*
 “ *your* nation.” The Syrian copy
 had by mistake written a [v] in
 stead of an [n]. A more devoted
 pair of translators than our’s, (in
 one respect), could not have been
 wished for.—All the errors of the
Syrian Copyist and the *Syrian author*
 (if an *inspired* writer can be sup-
 posed to have *errors*) are points of
 their religion.

This fellow too, as well as the
 other, will be at his *metamorphoses*.
 He has thought fit * to turn my poor
Princess into a *Grazier’s wife*, and
 makes her want to *sell* her Bull before
 she has got him. “ Mambres will
 “ you not buy my Bull ?”—He de-

sends her to "catch the vapors *"
 as the man who nicked the Devil,
 sent him to catch a f-t.

P. 33. When a God dies there's
 something to talk about—It makes
 as much noise about the country as
 if 'twas an *Aloe* blowing—in short,
 there's such a bustle made about it
 commonly, there's no being at peace
 for him. Every body who has read
Homer's Iliad or *Pope's Iliad*, knows
 what a rout was made in Heaven,
 when a Goddess got but a prick of
 the finger.

My author well knew this—he
 accordingly says (to translate his own
 words according to the letter)—
 "A Bull-God dies like any other,"

* P. 16.

or

or as the spirit moved me to paraphrase it—"Your Bull-Gods, when their time is come, must go to pot like any other,"—What would a body suppose this ninny-hammer had made of it?—"An Ox-God dies like any other,"—what? like any other Ox.—As if an *inspired* writer, from whose pen no word passeth in vain, had nothing better to do with his time, than to be telling us, how that oxen die.

In p. 35. he gives us the following elegant specimen of syntax. "When he [King Amasis] was conquered by my lover, he [King Amasis] *has found the secret* of changing him [the lover] into an "Ox." To express what no mortal

In p. 37. he demolishes men by dashes of his pen, as fast as the Jesuit *Petau* * or the Rev. Mr. *Wallace* † gets them.—He has fallen upon the inhabitants of a whole Island (*the Cerastians*) and reduced them to a single man whom he calls *Cerastes*.

P. 37. he talks of Mambres's "*deserving* to be changed into a tyger," when there's no *deserving* in the case—This is the sense he puts upon "*il faudroit que je fusse changé en tygre*".... which is the original Syriac as well as it can be expressed in *English* characters.

P. 41. he turns the market-place of *Tanis* into a Ball-Room, or I

* See his *Chronology*.

† Dissertation on the numbers of mankind.
know

know not what besides—he renders it “Public place.”

In p. 78. of the Syriac, there is a reference to what is called the *third* book of KINGS—So accordingly he has rendered it *. If I was to advise his master, it should be to pay him when he has produced this *third* book of KINGS—He will then be paid full as soon as he deserves—He did not know that in Syria and other nations upon the continent, what we call the *first* book of KINGS they call the *third*. The two books of SAMUEL they reckon for the first and second.

In p. 44. to shew his skill in Zoology, he has made “vultures,

* P. 43.

kites,

“kites, buzzards, owls, great owls,” and God knows how many sorts besides all of one “*species*.”—If “birds of the same feather flock together,” I wonder which sort of birds he would flock with.

In p. 45. to shew his notions of managing a house, he makes the company *lay* their *tails* where they *lay* their *cloaths*—the word is “*gar-derobe*,” which signifies a place very necessary to an *Englishman*, but which a *Scotchman* is too delicate to bear the sight of—he translates it “*wardrobe*.” ’Twas his notion of giving them a perfume—accordingly some bread that he comes to speak of as thus covered (in his fifty-first page) he declares to be “covered

“in the most delicious manner”—
'Tis true enough indeed in a certain
sense: but people who understand
any thing of the *Syriac* (the words
are “*convert de la plus fine*”) know
in *what* manner it was delicious: that
is, in the manner and by the means
we have represented.

In p. 46. he would fain persuade
people that “it is *necessary* to know
“what became of the White Bull.”
I must beg leave to differ with him—
It was *necessary* very likely [in the
Syriac (p. 80.) it is “*il falloir*”]
for *Mambrés* to know as much—It
may be *amusing* enough for people
that have half an hour to spare to
know it too—but the deuce is in it
if

if it's either *necessary* or *amusing* if he's to tell it.

P. 46. he and *his* Mambrés are much puzzled to think, that the serpent would enter into men's bodies "by his *power alone*." They expected to see him enter by his impotence.

If there be any man to whom it is necessary to have a *good countenance of his own* to himself, I think it must be a *Prophet*—this man has three Prophets to provide for, and he allows but one countenance amongst them—"Who had the prophetic light in their countenance."

[p. 48.]

P. 48. "He [Mambrés] invited "the old woman to it, [a dinner]

“ who was only about five hundred
“ paces from *them*, [Mambrés and
“ the prophets] *who* accepted the
“ invitation, and arrived leading *her*
“ White Bull.”—Mambrés (that is)
gave the old woman an invitation—
Mambrés and the prophets accepted
it; and arrived at the place from
whence they had never stirred, hav-
ing got the White Bull from the
old woman, who had taken no notice
of *them* or their invitation.

Hunger has led many an honest
man a weary life—has not it, *Mr.*
Translator? You have found a way
of being even with it at last, how-
ever: or else you have made poor
Jeremiah thrash at it all his life long
to very little purpose.—“ I have
“ passed

“passed my whole life (you make
 “him say) [p. 50.] starving of hun-
 “ger.”—You have starved *it*—
 Bravo—the best thing you ever did
 in your born days. One likes to see
 a troublesome fellow get as good as
 he brings at last—There was one
captivity, for instance, that a man
led captive once—and one *Death*
 that a man *killed* by *dying*—so it
 happened once to a riotous fellow of
 a *Fiddler*,

Stephen and **Time** are now both even :
 Stephen *beat* **Time** now **Time** beat Stephen.

But you and poor crab'd-faced *Je-*
remiah have *served* this *Hunger* as
 good *sauce* as any of them.

“Lapidés” (as it is in the *Syriac*)
 he translates “*starved*” [p. 51.] I
 should

should have thought there had been some small matter of difference mean time between being *starved* and *stoned*, though they come to the same thing at last.—In the way he translates, I wish he may never know it by his own experience. It's a pretty fancy has taken him in p. 55.—If you believe what he says, *King Amasis* came bag and baggage to his garret once, and spent a week with him. “*Amasis* immediately ordered his tents, his cooks, his musicians, and remained *here* eight days.”

In p. 56. he makes a man “*cause to hang 31 powerful Kings*”—’Tis an error, I suppose, of the press

prefs—He meant “*caused bang*”—
 The [“*to*”] is [“*to*”] too much—
 The phrase never could have been
English—But without the [“*to*”] it
 would have been *Scotch*.

In p. 57. he has found out that
 there are are *degrees* of “extermini-
 “nation.” After a number of peo-
 ple have been exterminated, he ex-
 terminates them “*still more*”—The
 common *degree* is, to kill them “as
 “*dead as a herring*”—but, if you
 go to work upon them *again*, his
 notion is, you may make them a
 little *deader*.

P. 59. he has cut down the te-
 dious, solemn *phrasemonger* [“phra-
 “*seur*”] (as our Historian calls him).

“*de*

“*de Houteville*,” to a “*prattler* :” and sent him away from his countrymen, the “*Welches*” (a people the man knows no more of than he does of their language, though they live next door to us) to graze upon the “*Welch*” mountains [p. 61.] He makes a “*young Priest*” offer himself “to be hanged,” if he does not do a thing : upon the strength of his “*imagining*” only, that he has something that will enable him to do it—It’s of no great use to a young Priest to be *very* wise : but they are not such fools as he makes of them, neither.

P. 68. he makes the sage *Mambrés* fall a changing rivers into blood
again,

again, (as if once in a way was not enough for such sport as that) for no earthly reason whatsoever, unless it was to amuse himself while he was waiting for the coming of the God Apis. “Well, my dear Mambrés” (he makes the Princess say) “you *have* changed the Nile into blood.”

In p. 33. he had found out, that one *Ox dies* like another *Ox*. He now finds out [p. 70.] that one *Onion looks* like another *Onion*.

——“In the midst of the demi
“ gods forty Priests carried an
“ enormous basket filled with sacred
“ onions: these were, it is true,
“ gods, but they resembled onions
f very

“very much.” This is the way he renders “Oignons sacrés, qui n’étaient pas tout-à-fait des Dieux, mais qui leur ressembaient beaucoup.” The venom of this profaner’s malice (or, which comes to the same thing, of his stupidity) seems purposely to have fixed upon the most divine parts of our divine history, to corrupt and spoil them.

I was within an ace of passing over his treatment of my Princess. She had occasion somewhere to speak of a set of people by the name of “*Malotrus*”—people of no *breeding*—*upstarts*, who have not had time to receive the *Court-polish*. These
he

he makes her call [p. 18.] “*contemptible wretches.*” A man who had passed his life any where out of a garret, would never have thought of putting, into the mouth of such a Princess as mine, so *contemptible* an expression.

What he has done to lower the *file* of our Princess, is a small matter in comparison of the slur he has dared to cast upon her virtue. He talks [p. 19.] of her Highness’ being “*at freedom*” with her Ghostly father. If *this* is not *Scandalum Magnatum*, I don’t know *what* is—The insolence of a *Miller*, with the impiety of a *W—s.* I wonder where this fellow ever heard, that the re-

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putation

putation of our Princess was not as unfullied, as delicate as that of *Lord S——b*: or the sanctity of *Mambres* in as good *odor* as that of the *B——p* of *G——r*?

He talks [p. 17.] of a Serpent's "*stinging*" as he would of a *wasp's*, or any *other animal's*, that carried it's venom in it's tail—Of a Serpent's "*passing* [p. 46, 47.] within a "*small neighbouring people for*" "*having ruined the human race—*" Of "*an incident's promoting reflections*" [p. 52.]—Of a person's reading "*the human understanding of*" "*the Egyptian philosopher named*" "*Locke*" [p. 59.]—He makes a "*Monarch* [in p. 63.] enjoy the "*pleasing*"

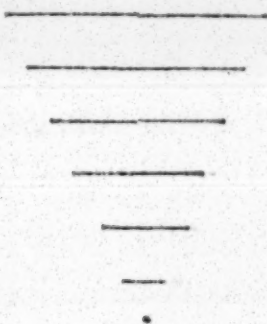
“pleasing *satisfaction* of intoxicating himself” If he had spoken of *himself*, instead of the Monarch, one might have believed him: but I know, if I was *Mr. Murray*, unless he mended his pen, it’s a satisfaction he should never get again with my money.

But enough of this—Too long, already, hath the Giant mace of MISOPONUS broke *flies* upon the wheel.—Else, O Divine Historian!—Poet!—Philosopher!—every thing!—Pride of Syria!—“Light of the Universe” by thy writings, as the *High Priest* of *Memphis* by his title! * so should it be done, yea,

* See Chap. V. of our history.

and

and more also, unto the miscreants
that disgrace thy name.



A word or two is all I need men-
tion about the *notes*—

These I am indebted for to some
particular friends, a select knot of
Dutch and *German* Commentators
who honor me with their corres-
pondence : such notes, I mean, as
have a *name* subjoined. As to the
few there may be besides, I am
afraid

afraid I must be answerable for them myself.

I wish I could have prevailed with my friends, to give their names in a manner in which the generality of the Public might understand them : but their modesty would not suffer them to make their appearance in Public, but under a *Greek* or *Latin* veil.—'Tis a common failing among Philologists.

My worthy friend *Mynbeer Paracelsus Vartsucker*, Sub-professor of *Kenology* under *Professor Michaelis*, at *his Majesty's University of Göttingen* (the same who at first signed himself *Pordomyzus Paracelsus*) is the only
one

one who has, at length, given me leave to mention his name *in puris naturalibus*.

Omitted in p. cx. l. 14. between "*Take this*" and "*and use it*" (at the same time presenting me with a quill he had plucked from his upper left wing)

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